

# THE

## loue of God.

Here is declared, if you wyl rede  
That god doth loue this lād in dede  
By felynge his rod,

**E**ngland is blest, & loued of god  
who can the same deny  
For she hath felt his loun, rod  
because she went awrye.

Deserue she dyd, more to be whyppt  
her faultes they were so great  
Who dyd not se, how far she slypt  
from law, and iustice seat.

The word so frely taught & preacht  
as no land had it more

When teachers truelye truth them  
they set by it no stoz.

They kept it not in hart and minde  
to lead therby theyr lyfe.

If they had ben to God so kynde  
then had not come the stryfe.

But so longe as they hard the voise  
full of yl they were as shepe  
Al hysse & peace, there was no noie  
but silence they did kepe.  
And streight as sermon ended was  
they sayd that he sayde wel  
But aske them how his wordes dyd  
& then they could not tel. passe  
And some there semed to be so ful  
that they woulde heare no more  
Theyr sprytes & eares wer warē dul  
they cared not therfore.  
Al knoledge had they caught & won  
as they had in theyr thought  
So that w<sup>th</sup> spede theyr harts begon  
to set by it as nought.  
And fell to sekynge land and good  
by rape and eke vnrighthe  
As men ful mad and wooldly wood  
from measure flyeng quight.  
For gloze eke and earthly prayse  
some soughte as they were mad  
Not sparing by vnlawful wayes  
so they in sylkes were clad.

promos



2  
Promotion some so swiftly soughte  
to place theyr bloud on hie  
That frēd or foe they spared nought  
tho they therfore shuld dye.  
To be forsworne, it was no synne  
the custome made it law  
So they a lyfe at ease might wyne  
of God they had no awe.  
Tho lawe did wyl of Idoles foyl  
but few with wyl them burst  
But al content to take the spoyle  
not thinkyng them a curst.  
Of pride, of enuye, and disdayne  
Whose hart was not possēd  
Of wanton eyes and lustes so vaine  
Who longe from these dyd reste.  
So geuen to sectes and fables fond  
so bent to tales vnttrue  
So geuen to lyes as any londe  
styl lustyng thinges of new.  
Who dyd not se, that had his eyes  
these vyces so to raygne  
That scourge & plague must nedes  
to bring thē home agayn. (arise  
Then

Then came the rod by death to kyl  
the prince that was full good  
And let such tyzantes haue their will  
as shed the guiltles bloud.  
At large were set al wicked men  
and good men put to thral  
ful lytle thought so soden then  
that they shuld haue the baul.  
The synnes that long had take rose  
and blossomes ful dyd bear  
The wyllyng care and redy soke  
false witnes for to heare:  
Was punisht then by Ipocrites  
and men that had no God  
and such as past not of .ii. mites  
to do the thinge forbod.  
By this meanes men y were woute  
and loked vpon our land  
Did bring in question and in doute  
how that this gere could stande.  
Sayeng to God he dyd not loue  
the English bloud at all  
Because he dyd the sweete remoue  
and sent them bitter gall

To



To that his word did answer make  
 and toke his cause in hande  
 Affyrming God not to forsake  
 the lytle Ile England.

Whom God doth loue, then said his  
 the same he doth correcte (loze  
 Least they shuld dye in hel therfore  
 and so for aye reiecte.

Also to proue and trye his vine  
 he let that the defence  
 Of comishe bores, and sobwisch swine  
 should quight be taken thence.  
 Aforrein lande to set in foote  
 he winked at also

To proue a case by fourme of mote  
 that sinners myght hym knowe.  
 And whyles the word & carnal men  
 dyd reason thus a whyle

To make y<sup>e</sup> eche his wyl should ken  
 he strayght began to smyle.

Hold syl he sayd, I wyl be iudge  
 and sentence strayght he gaue  
 quod he to death se that thou trudge  
 and fyl thou vp a graue.

A graue

A graue quod he, wher may that be  
and who shal therein lye  
& straight was sene þ english quene  
al proue and spt to dye.  
The rouled vp deth & cast his dart  
and cloue her hart in twayne  
Then lay she dead, þ causde þ smart  
that fel vpon Britayne.  
Death then had thought, þ he had  
& wold haue taken rest (done  
nay nay sayd God, thou hast begon  
therfoze I thinke it best:  
That thou do kyl moze of my foes  
that would my wil withstand  
Then found he out, as tumor goes  
some captaynes of the band.  
He made the shrik for al theyr brags  
and burst their bandes in twayne  
He pluckt the quite out of their iags  
thus by him were they slayne.  
Lo lo sayd God, now haue I tolde  
my sentence and my wyl  
And I my self haue ben so bold  
my foes by death to kyl.

For



For this let vs geue thanks to him  
and praise his holy name  
And now let vs with hartes begin  
a better life to frame.  
Let al confesse the mercy of God  
the cause to be alone  
Why he hath cast away his rod  
And is with vs at one.  
prayeng to him, that he wyll geue  
vnto this ruler sent  
A wylling mind while she doth lyue  
as alwayes she was bent.  
To set vp God, and godlynes  
the truth for to restore  
To banyshe out pope holines  
by law for evermore.  
Let al degrees vpon theyr knees  
thus pray with one consent  
That he which sees our miseries  
may better be content.  
Now to conclude my metre rude  
but matter true and iust  
If you repent yonr lyfe mysspent  
Ours be sure and trust:

That

That God wyl strike, & strike again  
a sharper stroke then this  
That you shal fele w greater payne  
be sure he wyl not mysse.

Finis.      of Abyllpam  
Samuel.

God saue the Quene.





